THE

Extravagant Spend-thrift,

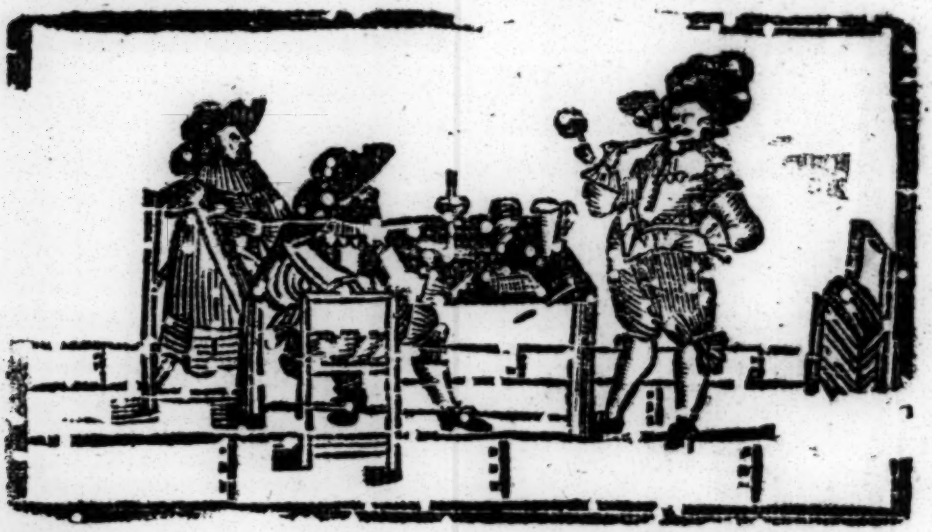
OR,

Wit Dearly Bought.

For what he ſpent he did repent,
when he beheld his grief,
To end the ſtrife, his loving wife,
afforded him releif.

To an Excellent new Tune.

This may be Printed R. P.



ATtend a while and I will declare,
what did occaſion my woful fall,
And you that hear me, I pray beware,
let me a warning be to you all.

A Wife I marry'd who lov'd me,
as dwe't a woman as e're had man,
Alas I brought her to miſery,
for I to ruin did then run an.

I haunted Taverns both day and night,
I made my Gold and my Silver flye:
And thoſe in whom I did take delight,
in time of need they did me deny.

With Harlots daily I led my life,
while I had Money they took my part
And likewiſe ſet me againſt my wife,
when there was never no due deſart.

My aged Father and Mother mild,
intreated me that I would refrain
Such company, but I ſtill revil'd,
for I did in diſobedience fall.

My wife her Portion I clearly ſpent,
I pawn'd her Rings and I ſold her cloſe
I ſhipt my ſelf then to Sea I went,
for my cheifeſt friends I made my foes.

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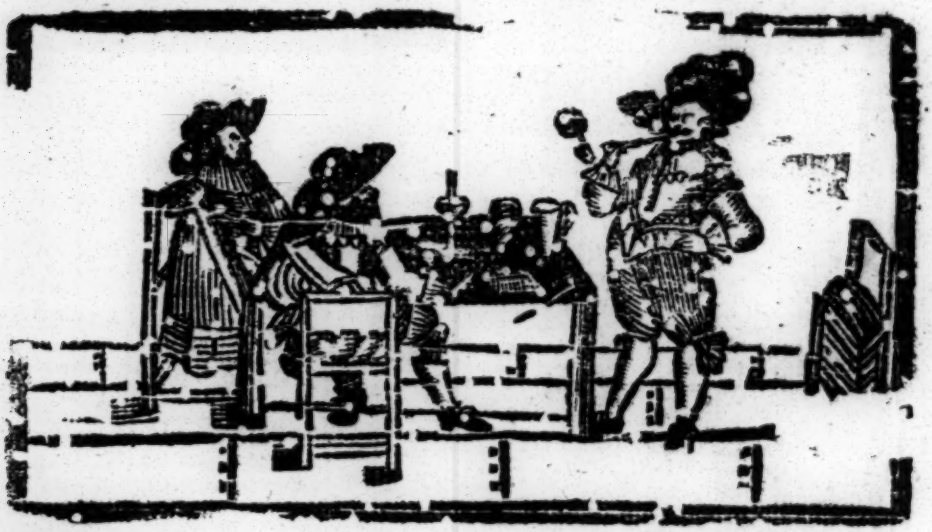

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Then while our veſſel was under ſail,
a ſtorm and tempeſt did ſoon ariſe,
We had no hopes of a pleaſant Gail,
and nothing ſeen but waves and Skies.

Alas we had little hope at all,
our ſhip ſhe ran foul upon the ſand,
And there was ſtaved in pieces ſmall,
when we were many leagues from land.

Upon our rack then we did contrive,
to ſave our lives then if it might be,
And I was one that did ſoon arive,
where I came a ſhore at Barbury.

Then I beholding my ſelf forlorn,
ſo weak and feeble I could not ſtand
Almoſt as naked as I was born,
quite ſuccourleſs in a forreign Land.

I got my paſſage in a ſhort while,
of one that freely gave it me.
Thus I arrived to my native Iſle,
but I was as poor as poor might be.

Then to my Harlot I took my way,
on whom I had lately ſpent my Gold,
But when ſhe ſee me in poor array,
ſhe did not know me, her love was cold.

She would not grent me the leaſt relief,
though I with her had ſpent my ſtore,
My heart was ready to break with grief,
for ſhe kickt me and ſhov'd me out of door.

Then I was in a moſt diſmal caſe,
of my old Father I made a proof,
But he would not let me ſee his face,
no nor once come underneath his roof.

What courſe to take then I did not know,
my former friends has forſook me quite,
Then to my Wife I reſolv'd to go,
and though I was in a waful plight,

When ſhe beheld my calamity,
ſhe was not able for to ſuffice,
Her very bowels did earn for me,
the tears did trickle down from her eyes.

How I was ſlighted I made appear,
ſaid ſhe my love then be rul'd by me,
Though all the world ſhould forſake my dear
I will prove a conſtant wife to thee.

She then forgave me all that was paſt,
and I reſolving to work for more.
And now as long as ever life ſhall laſt,
my loving wife I will thee adore.

Thoſe men that have ſuch vertuous wives,
let their affection now never ceaſe,
There's none that lead more quiet lives,
then thoſe that live here in love & peace.

Printed for J. Back, at the Black Boy, on London-Bridge.